

All Virginia League Teams Divide Double-Headers

DOCTOR AYERS AGAIN
RESCUES COLTS FROM
PETERSBURG HORDES

For Second Time in as Many Days the Hillsville Behemoth Flings Richmond to Victory After Morning Encounter Had Been Lost—Goes Six Innings Without Allowing Hit.

Players.	A.B.	R.	H.	2b.	3b.	H.R.	S.B.	S.H.	T.R.	S.O.	B.B.	O.	A.	E.
Brenahan, 3b.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Laval, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	3	0	1	0
Plez, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1
Raley, cf.	3	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0
Eberts, cf.	4	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	0
Newton, ss.	4	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	5	0	0	3	3	0
Carier, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	4	0
Rogers, c.	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	3	0
Ayers, p.	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0
Totals.	31	7	10	3	1	0	1	0	16	4	3	27	12	2

PETERSBURG.

Players.	A.B.	R.	H.	2b.	3b.	H.R.	S.B.	S.H.	T.R.	S.O.	B.B.	O.	A.	E.
Simmons, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Damrau, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Bunch, ss.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	3	7	0
Spencer, cf.	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Krepps, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0
Laughlin, c.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	4	0
Schmidt, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0
Barnett, 1b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	0	0
Brooks, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0
Brennegan, c.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hedgepeth, c.	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
Cooper, p.	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	31	2	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	6	2	24	13	0

Score by Innings.

Richmond 3, Petersburg 0. Wild pitches—Ayers. Passed balls—Rogers. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Norcum.

By GUS MALBERT.

When the savants of the future visit the site of what is now Petersburg, Va., in an effort to unveil the mysteries of the past, they will find strewn between the pages of dust-covered tomes this: "Doctor Yancey Wyatt Ayers, the behemoth of the Alleghany Mountains, shot a thunderbolt through the spinal columns of Colonel Busch's tribesmen, completely shivering their frames and searing their faces with the scouring fire of his blasts."

Savants having nothing in common with mere wearers of spikes and wielders of Ash, and fearing lest even savants might find little that is intelligible in the above, though perfectly plain to us, we shall, as nearly as we can, and as ably as the product of the Underwood factory will permit, give a chronological account of the happenings in certain widely separated ballyards on the Fourth of July, 1913.

Divide Spoils Equally.

As is normal on most Independence Days, Richmond and Petersburg played two ball games. Likewise, as is normal, Petersburg won in Petersburg and Richmond won in Richmond. The score in Petersburg was 3 to 1, and the score in Richmond was 7 to 2. That much is certainly plain.

Naturally, there are some few—4,000, to be explicit—who are more or less interested in what happened in Petersburg, and for their benefit, after we have fully satisfied our desire and added another leaf to the daily chronicle of the achievements of Doctor Yancey Wyatt Ayers, the story of that initial fray will be appended. Right now we will build high the name of Ayers, and so that the reader may waste no further effort, we make the announcement this early.

Doctor Ayers. It may be recalled, is the young man with medical aspirations, who flung himself into the top lines of this column on Thursday, when he handed Petersburg a very substantial wallop, the wallop being recorded as four for our side and nothing for the visitors. Yesterday was Friday, and the doctor arose, chirping the song of his tribe, "I'm feeling fine," quoth the doctor, and proceeded to get acquainted with the land George Washington made possible. As an accommodation, he made the trip across the muddy Appomattox, and, blustering sun—nothing mattered, nothing save that he had achieved his purpose.

Two games in as many days, two games in forty-eight hours, with the total result against his record of ten wins for a total of two runs, is his achievement. Not since the days of Sammy Leever, one of the greatest of all times, has it been done before in this league. Framing up for the grabbers of these luscious morsels, along with their grapefruit, a story of the day's pastime, we stand pat for the work of Ayers. We knew he was big and strong and willing, but we didn't know the real red blood of him; the red blood that boiled and boiled, and boiling over, was ready to scald.

No Hit in Six Innings.

But more gentle reader, and for the love of us have patience. Not only did Doctor Ayers jump into the breach, nay, hurl himself into the breach, for the second consecutive day, but for six

solid boxes not even a remote hit was made. The first safe hit made from what the doctor was bringing forth came in the seventh, and it was such a soft, gentle tap, that either Bill Laval or Carter, the recruit brought up from Portsmouth, in reliever train, might have reached it. Neither did so, and the first smirch was then recorded.

There was no cause to worry. As on the day previous, the Griffen, out for slaughter, jumped with all of their spikes on the many form of Harvey Brooks in the curtain raiser and garnered three tallies. They were enough. But to make matters certain they tore off for themselves three more in the seventh, and another had been taken in the third, bringing the total to seven. So why should the doc worry?

For that reason, after Heine Busch, in sheer desperation, had run in Hedgepeth and Cooper and Brennegan in the ninth as pinch hitters, Ayers relieved himself slightly, and as a result two Buschmen galloped around the paths.

Four hits were garnered in the ninth by the invaders. When the time came to shut off, the doctor shut off and there you are at the finish, with the score 7 and 2.

Praise for Helpmates.

In justice to the eight assistants who helped the doctor, the statement is appended that each and every one performed nobly. There were sensational and inspiring feats of daring, and there were stops and counter stops; there was checkmating and outguessing from time to time, in the first, when Damrau got a walk and stole, and dangerous Spencer was likewise walked, though neither advanced further, Ayers striking out two, to the last session, when the final Goobert was made on a fast double play. Two nobbles are recorded against our lads, and though one aided in the rungetting for the visitors, they came after the game had been locked and the key thrown away. The last game of the series happens this afternoon. Jim Vance will pitch against Hedgepeth, and a right good game it will be.

FIRST GAME

Petersburg, Va., July 4.—The largest crowd that has ever witnessed a morning game in this city saw Petersburg defeat Richmond this morning.

The game should have been a shut-out one, as the only run that Richmond made was in the fifth inning, and Cooper presented it to them by making a wild pitch.

In the sixth inning Richmond had a splendid chance to score a run. After Brennehan had flied out, Laval gave his base and stole second. Plez flied out, and Raley drew a base on balls, with men on first and second, Eberts singled to right field, and Laval, seeing it was a clear hit, stopped running after he had passed third base and loafed on his way home. Simmons flied out, and Plez, who was on his way to third, by several

(Continued On Second Page.)

BUD ANDERSON IS
BEATEN BY CROSS

Oregon Stripling Floored in First Round by Dentist From East.

WESTERNER NEVER
REAL CONTENDER

Twelfth Round Brings Knockout, Though "Pride of the East" Could Have Ended Matters More Speedily but for His Well-Laid Plans, Which He Followed.

Vernon, Arena, Los Angeles, July 4.—They handed game little Bud Anderson a big league contract, and Oregon stripling failed to deliver the goods.

Leach Cross, a reputed short ender at odds that made of him being little less than a ghastly joke, got Anderson crashing to the floor with a killing right hand bolt to the jaw in the twelfth round.

Knocked down in the first, beaten, pushed and buffeted all about the ring, whipped from the very edge of the opening bell, Anderson came out for the twelfth on legs that shook under him and a dazed look in his gray eyes while Cross leaped quickly from his chair with a promise smothered behind his gloves that he would finish his man.

In his eagerness to bring the battle to a close, the New Yorker lunged at his victim, missed, and both toppled to the floor. Up like a panther came Cross, while Anderson, too badly beaten and bewildered to realize what he was doing, half crawled, half stumbled to an upright position.

Anderson topples to finish.

Backward towards a neutral corner tottered Anderson, with Cross, catlike and crafty, in pursuit. A light left and Anderson's jaw stood out in the sunlight an unprotected target of carnage. Like the strike of a snake came Cross's right hand squarely to the chin, and the boy from the Northwest fell flat on his back, his head hitting the hot canvas floor with a thud, just as a small sponge came sailing through the air from the corner occupied by Anderson's handlers.

Not a muscle of the beaten boxer's body moved and Cross dropped to his knees, placing both arms under the shoulders of the lad he had just conquered. A hush came over the great crowd in the arena, save for the wild shrieking of Cross's seconds, and Anderson was carried to his corner as Anderson's handlers.

(Continued On Third Page.)

BATTLE AXES DIP
COLORS TO GRAYS

For First Time Since Amateurs Organized Champs Leave Coveted First Place.

Standings of the Clubs.	Won	Lost	P.C.
Grays	6	2	.750
Battle Axes	3	3	.500
Collegians	2	4	.333
Ashland	3	4	.429
Barton Heights	3	6	.333
Jacobs & Levy	1	8	.111

The mighty Battle Axes, twice champions of the Capital City League, and by virtue of that championship, leaders of all amateur baseball teams in the city, have fallen. Twice representing Richmond in the intercity series between this city and Washington, always in the van, their colors were dipped yesterday before the mighty onslaught of the Richmond Grays. It happened at Broad Street Park in the early morning hours, before an unusually large crowd, and the score was 10 to 3. The Grays now lead the league, with the Axes trailing.

The Grays started strong in the first inning of the game by scoring one run, and seemed to be able to hit anything that the Axes had to offer, hitting Dixon and Hulcher at their will. Campa, for the Grays, held the Axes at his fingers ends at all stages of the game, and was never in danger of defeat.

C. Dowden, Poh, Burns, Blunt and Goldback played great ball for the Grays, while Klein and Hulcher were the best of the Battle Axes team. Hulcher worked specially hard to win for his team, and to him is due several of the prettiest plays of the game. The score:

Grays.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Poh, ss.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Burns, 2b.	4	0	2	4	1	0
Bigbie, cf.	4	2	1	1	0	1
Blunt, c.	1	1	2	1	0	1
Saracino, lf.	4	1	2	3	0	0
Goldback, 3b.	4	3	1	0	1	0
Dowden, rf.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Morgan, 1b.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Canepa, p.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.	31	10	3	1	6	2

Battle Axes.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Rady, 3b.	4	0	1	2	0	2
Ricketts, 2b.	3	0	1	4	2	1
Klein, lf.	4	2	1	0	1	1
Bauer, rf. and lb.	4	0	0	7	0	1
Dowden, ss.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Hulcher, cf.	4	1	1	1	1	1
Hay, c.	3	0	0	5	0	0
Bransford, cf.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Dixon, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Whitfield, rf.	2	0	0	1	0	1
Coleman, c.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	31	3	8	2	1	3

Score by Innings.

Grays 1 3 1 2 0 0 0 10
Battle Axes 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3

Summary: Sacrifices—Dowden, Morgan, Canepa. Two-base hits—Blunt, Three-base hits—Burns, Stolen bases—Klein (2), Bigbie (2), Saracino. Base on balls—Canepa 1; off Dixon, 2; off Hulcher, 2. Struck out—by Canepa, 4; by Dixon, 1; by Hulcher, 1. Umpires, Bottoms and Wilcox. Score, Dillon. Attendance, 1,000.

AL MAUPUS LOSES
MATCH TO TURNER

John McLaughlin, Irish Champ, Breaks His Arm, and Can't Arrive for Bout.

CROWD IS WELL SATISFIED

Fast, Thrilling Wrestling Keeps Fans' Eyes Glued to Mat Throughout.

Going against 175 pounds of solid bone and muscle and a man with the sticking tenacity of a bulldog, Joe Turner, weighing 182 pounds, won two falls out of three from Al Maupus, of Baltimore, at Broad Street Park last night, after one of the longest and hardest-fought mills staged here this summer.

John McLaughlin, the Irish champion middleweight, was to have met Turner, but he wired early yesterday morning that in a match with John Parelli at Coney Island the night previous he had fractured an arm, and could not possibly meet Turner. Manager Herbert then got in communication with Al Maupus, who had previously issued a challenge to Turner, and Maupus agreed to come down from Baltimore and take McLaughlin's place. This was agreeable to Turner.

After the crowd had assembled last night Manager Herbert announced the accident to McLaughlin, and stated any one who did not desire to see the match between Turner and Maupus could get their money back; or if they remained and were not satisfied their tickets would be redeemed at the box office. By unanimous assent the crowd remained until the last fall was made and went home satisfied in the extreme.

George Herbert refereed the bout, and Will Boehm, of New York, acted as timekeeper.

Both in Perfect Condition.

Neither of the wrestlers had an excuse to offer for his condition, and each appeared to be in perfect trim. They went at each other in a fast and ferocious manner, and during the three falls practically every hold used in the wrestling game was resorted to, and broken time and time again, the perspiration which poured from the bodies of the men making their skin as slippery as a banana skin.

Maupus, who is the recognized light heavyweight of the South, tipped the scale beam at 175 pounds, while Turner weighed 182 pounds. Maupus's weight stood him in good stead on several occasions, when Turner broke even an exceedingly hard and close place. Maupus showed great agility for a man of his weight, and he was at par with Turner as to science and the finer points of the game. Both wrestlers used their think-tanks as well as their muscle powers, and at no stage of the

(Continued On Second Page.)

COLLEGIANS WIN
AFTERNOON GAME

Lose to Charlottesville Y. M. C. A. in Forenoon, but Come Back Strong Later.

Charlottesville, Va., July 4.—The Richmond Collegians and Charlottesville Y. M. C. A. ball teams broke even in a doubleheader to-day. The locals won the morning game 5 to 3. The Collegians made all their runs in the opening inning, Richardson and Blanton getting home runs off of Rufus Chewning. Flannagan, the Jefferson School star, finished the contest, holding the visitors at all times. The locals tied the score in the fourth and won out in the seventh, when, with Via on first, "Jimmie" Driver, a former Virginia star, knocked the ball over the center field fence.

Score by Innings.

R.H.E.
Collegians 5 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 3
Y. M. C. A. 2 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 5 6 3

Batteries: Blanton and Leibs; Chewning, Flannagan and Anderson.

The afternoon contest was captured by the Collegians, 6 to 0. Two of the runs were made in the opening frame off of Walters and four in the ninth off of Neff, following a fumble by Baker, which would have made a double play, easy if the ball had been handled cleanly. Blanton, of Ashland, twirled a superb game, the locals getting only one hit, and that one was due to an error of judgment. Captain Anderson hit a grounder between first and second, which Dobson gathered in. Blanton covered first base promptly. Dobson thought he could beat the runner to the bag, but failed.

Score by Innings.

R.H.E.
Collegians 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6
Y. M. C. A. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Batteries: Blanton and Leibs; Walters, Neff and Anderson. Umpire, Will Chewning.

Virginia League

YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

Richmond, 1; Petersburg, 3 (A. M.)
Richmond, 7; Petersburg, 2 (P. M.)
Portsmouth, 5; Norfolk, 3 (A. M.)
Portsmouth, 2; Norfolk, 3 (P. M.)
Newport News, 2; Roanoke, 0 (A. M.; ten innings.)
Newport News, 2; Roanoke, 5 (P. M.)

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Richmond	42	24	.636
Petersburg	39	24	.617
Roanoke	30	29	.545
Portsmouth	30	29	.545
Newport News	21	46	.313
Norfolk	20	46	.303

WHERE THEY PLAY TO-DAY.

Petersburg at Richmond.
Portsmouth at Norfolk.
Newport News at Roanoke.

Knocks Out Mexican Joe Rivers in Eleventh Round of Battle.

GAMENESS TELLS
IN FINAL RESULT

Swarthy Joe Unwilling to Stand Punishment Handed Him and Aids Referee in Counting Him Out—7,000 Witnesses Milling—Receipts Reach \$30,000.

San Francisco, July 4.—Willie Ritchie, the slim, serious-faced lightweight champion, defeated chubby, olive-skinned Joe Rivers, of the Southland, in eleven rounds to-day, and by doing so retained the much-coveted title.

The whole story in a nutshell is that it was the difference between a game lad and one who was—well, not so game.

Before the bout started Referee Graney and Timekeeper Harting had an earnest discussion as to which of the officials named should do the counting.

By agreement the duty devolved upon Harting, but when the crucial moment arrived Rivers relieved both Graney and Harting of the responsibility, the Los Angeleno actually counting himself out. He has earned the distinction of originating a new ring fashion, even if he missed in his attempt to bear the championship homeward.

This needs a little explanation, and it will be best to narrate the happenings in their sequence and approach the terrible crisis gradually.

Just as long as Rivers held the upper hand, the fight kept a Turk. When brave-hearted Kitchener stepped the tide and then turned it, the Los Angeleno grew visibly discouraged.

It was all Rivers in the second, third and fourth rounds. Then Ritchie began to assert himself, and as the fight wore on Rivers boxed with little wit. Soon after the eleventh spasm of milling began Rivers backed toward the ropes. Ritchie, who had been persistently not counting for several rounds, strode flatfooted after his man, and on Rivers boxed with little wit.

Soon after the eleventh spasm of milling began Rivers backed toward the ropes. Ritchie, who had been persistently not counting for several rounds, strode flatfooted after his man, and on Rivers boxed with little wit. A light left took Rivers above the belt line, and an equally light right brushed his lower face. Not that the blows lacked power, but the fact that Rivers was retreating and was not in a position to take the edge of the assault.

As the clip of Ritchie's glove grazed his chin, Rivers stood an instant with his back against the ropes, his head reeling, his eyes closed. His eyes did not begin to dull with those of a man who is stung, but he lurched forward and fell to the floor. The doctor did not fail in the inert manner of a man who has received a genuine knockdown punch.

When nine seconds had ticked away Rivers arose. Then the champion stepped close and banged his right against the Southern jaw.

Even that punch did not appear to strike deep enough to produce full results, but Rivers was in the mood to take advantage of anything that denoted the passage of time. He dived slowly toward the carpet, the palms of his hands and his knees supporting him for an instant. Then he flattened down on his stomach with his head raised sufficiently to keep his forehead and eyes in view.

In his eyes there was the look of a fellow who was not particularly jarred, but who had made up his mind that things had gone far enough. He assumed a look of distress which did not appear as genuine.

He began to gait his legs under him, and while doing so watched the timekeeper alertly, each numeral denoting the passage of a second was shouted, foxey Joe worked a little bit nearer to an upright position.

By the time the word "seven" came from Harting's lips, Joe was resting on one knee and the finger tips of one hand, and he was pattingly checking the gong-minder's count.

Mexican Looks Relieved.

When at last the sound of the "ten" rose above the turmoil of the ring-side, Rivers straightened up with a look of relief. The ordeal was past. Even while Rivers looked yellow at the finish, the bout was an extremely interesting one. It was replete with vicious spells of smashing in which the men held each other even, and there was a sufficient number of changes to keep the crowd guessing as to what the ultimate result would be.

Round 1—Ritchie met the Mexican's rushes and put in a right uppercut to the jaw. He then whipped right and left to the jaw. Rivers took command and worried the champion with his right to the jaw. Rivers fought back fiercely, and Ritchie held slightly from the mouth. Rivers landed a terrific left to the solar plexus, slipping to his knees. Ritchie staggered his man with a right cross to the jaw, and Ritchie seemed to win.

Round 2—After Ritchie had driven a forefist left to the jaw, the Mexican staggered the champion with two rights to the body and a left to the jaw. Rivers' onslaught was so great he fell to the mat from his force. It was Rivers' round, and Ritchie seemed to win.

Round 4—Rivers, covering up, pene-

(Continued On Third Page.)



RICHMOND SCOUTS
WIN TRACK MEET

Local Lads Run Away With Games at University, Piling Up 97 Points.

Charlottesville, Va., July 4.—The track and field meet held to-day by the Boy Scouts of Virginia at Lambeth's Field at the University, was won by the Richmond Scouts, who scored a total of ninety-seven points. The University of Virginia troop was second, with forty-six points, and Charlottesville third, with fourteen points.

Members of the Clifton Forge and Lexington troops contested unattached.

The trophy awarded the Richmond Scouts was a \$75 silver cup, donated by the board of visitors of the university.

The scout masters' school opens at the university July 7.

Nearly one hundred Boy Scouts from all over the State were present.

Summary: 100-yard dashes: Class A—First, Breeden, of Richmond; second, R. E. Wood, of Charlottesville; third, K. C. Wood, of Richmond. Class B—First, W. Owen, of Richmond; second, D. Roden, of Richmond; third, Moseley, of University. Class C—First, Dabney, of University; second, Davis, of University; third, Chamberlain, of University.

Running broad jump (all classes competing together)—First, K. C. Wood, of Richmond, five feet one inch; second, Minor Wilson, of University; third, Chamberlain, of University.

220 yards—Class A—First, I. Owens, of Richmond; second, R. E. Wood, of Charlottesville; third, Breeden, of Richmond. Class C—First, W. Owens, of Richmond; second, D. Roden, of Richmond; third, Moseley, of University. Class B—First, Dabney, of University; second, Davis, of University; third, Chamberlain, of University.

Running broad jump (all classes competing together)—First, K. C. Wood, of Richmond, seventeen feet eight inches; second, W. Owens, of Richmond, seventeen feet seven inches; third, R. E. Wood, of Charlottesville, seventeen feet four inches.

Shot-put—First, M. Rothert,